

# THE LITTLE UNITY.

→\* TENDER, ÷ TRUSTY ÷ AND ÷ TRUE.\*←

VOL. II.

CHICAGO, JUNE 1, 1882.

No. 7

## RAMBLING SKETCH OF ALGÆ HUNTING.

I have found a use for fair, still mornings. Will you follow me and see what I have discovered worthy of devoting stray bits of leisure to?

I hurry down the bluff and reach the river. On the slimy rocks is a beautiful alga. How it is beaten about, and how tenacious its hold! I pluck off here a pretty bit, and there another; but it clings wet and limp to my fingers with a very different appearance from that presented when spread and animated by the dashing water. In the pools below long ropes of it float, two or three feet in length. This is my favorite alga,—partly because of its exceeding variety in shape, its grace, its rich color and its robustness, so to speak, which will endure rough handling;—partly because of its *habitat*—its love of rushing water. I think the color varies with the amount and force of the water current it is growing in. How deep the green of this mat growing on a rock completely submerged, and how tawny the tint of this that is only wet by fine, though constant, spray! How different the specimens are! Is the difference one of species, or merely growth? One can almost grade specimens, from the most compact in form to a stringy tuft. Floating, or submerged and clinging to weed stems, are clots of slime and mud, which exhibit a certain beauty in their peculiar tint.

Here is another kind floating from the pebbles, and looking like irregular bladders, composed of delicate light green membranes. Here are snails—"algæ snails" I call them, for with some kind of growth they are always coated; one kind looking like a delicate vine. How curious to see the snails crawling along with these pretty tufts in delicate motion, or floating downward with the current.

Passing on, I leave the common and despised slime, and cross the river to wade back toward the dam. Here is a stagnant pool full of luxuriant growth; that at the bottom seems different from that on the surface. It lifts in long, thick strings. How even the growth! The roots at the base appear to be knit together strongly, and the upward growth spreads fan-like from side to side. Most interesting of all, *it is in fruit!* This shallow, clear water, where "the netted sun-beams dance," is a nice collecting ground. Here float beautiful vines from all the pebbles. I wonder if the little vines on the snails can be the same, stunted, perhaps, by their situation.

Now let us venture a little way into the mat of weeds. Two summers ago the fairies hung exquisite green-netted seines from these weeds, but, vain search, they have not yet repeated the experiment. The curious nets of *Hydrodictyon* have ever since remained as invisible as the fairies. With a sigh we turn reluctantly but wearily homeward.

K. P.

Carpentersville, Ill.

To persons who live near the sea-coast the delicacy and beauty of marine algæ—popularly called sea mosses—is well known. But not every one is aware that fresh water streams, ponds and pools produce forms as beautiful and delicate as those of the sea. They have no common popular name, and are less numerous in species than the sea mosses, which many of them resemble in substance and color. These fresh water algæ are worth knowing, and offer much pleasure in their collection and study.

The pretty little unicellular alga, which makes the red snow that created so much interest in the account of Captain Ross's expedition to the Arctic Seas in 1819, was found last June in the snow on the peaks of the Wasatch range of mountains. It is known to botanists as *Protococcus nivalis*. It increases with remarkable rapidity when it once begins to grow, and makes patches in the snow as red as blood. It is especially interesting as showing at how low a temperature some plants may live and thrive.—*Independent*.

## HOW TWO SCHOOL BOYS DECIDE FOR THEMSELVES.

Walking through one of the quieter city streets, about half-past eight o'clock one morning, I met group after group of school children with their bags or straps of books, and their easy, free sociability, chattering noisily and contentedly on their way to school. Words here and there from their lively talk, fresh and independent, with glimpses of bright faces, all had their invigorating effect; and after I had passed them I was stepping more briskly along, when there came a new voice close by, which said, suddenly: "Well, I'm going to school, whether you are or not;" and two boys started out from some obscure corner near me. One turned his steps vigorously toward school, the other lounged in the opposite direction with his hands in his pockets. This was the best part of it all. That boy had done more than just going to school. He had taken a firm step in his life in the right direction, and gained strength for others further on.

"Whether you are or not" is a great point to be reached. It settles one's own right to determine, and throws off loads of indecision. Probably there is no load we carry greater than that of indecision. The right thing to do is often not so hard to find as is the independence to do it, when your schoolmate is intending some other for himself and urging you to join him.

It is sometimes said that we want "courage" to do right, when, after all, it is rather a simple, straightforward independence of spirit which will serve us better in every turn. Somewhere I have read that "courage is, at best, a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised" except in extreme necessities. But truthful



independence, kindness and patience are needed every hour. People must decide for themselves, each according to his own circumstances. Even school children have their small affairs to settle. If each doesn't do it for himself, some one else will, and it may not be at all to his mind. Better make an occasional mistake, even, than not decide your little questions for yourself, and so acquire the habit of indecision.

People take notice of little things in each other more now than they used. They remark very freely upon the dress, the doings, the sayings, the trifling outside mannerisms of those whom they meet. Children follow their example, and in this way are often led to place too great weight upon these same non-essentials, which gives rise to a shrinking dread lest their own appearance is not beyond criticism. Never mind about it. What if your playmate does say this or that about you? If it is the truth, let it go. If it is not the truth, and they will not believe your word, you can generally do no better than to let it go. Should it be a matter of some importance, they will probably find out in time. But if they don't, *you* know, in your heart, all about it; *why* it was true, if it was; *what* was the truth, if that was not. So you have your own independence, and nothing can touch or soil it if you hold to it firmly. Difficulties will surely give way before it in due time; and meanwhile, with a fair stock of patience and kindness, you will be finding friends who are worth having.

#### A WATER-SPIDER.

How few people think, as they walk through quiet country lanes, that in the deep, watery ditches often to be found in rivers which run in low ground, a little water-spider may be living, coming to the surface to breathe, as a diver does, and carrying down air-bubbles entangled in the fur which covers her body and between her legs, and so filling a curious domed hall which she has built in the water below. She fixes her house on the stem of some water-plant, spinning there a thimble of delicate silk, into which she carries air shaken off as bubbles from her body. This air, rising up to the top of the thimble, gradually displaces the water and fills the whole chamber; and there she lives quite dry, and spins her silken cocoon with its hundred eggs, out of which come the young spiders, which begin at once to live and build as she does. Even when she makes her journeys to the surface to catch water-flies and other insects, and to breathe, the water does not wet her, for the bubbles of air which glisten over her body like quicksilver keep her skin dry.—“*Life and her Children.*”

[This curious spider has not yet been found in America, but perhaps it exists here for all that. Will not one of the LITTLE UNITY readers be the first to discover it?]

#### TREE-MOSS.

The “tree-moss” (*Climacium Americanum*) is rarely found in fruit, but is common everywhere on damnd ground, and is easily recognized by its stout, erect trunk and branching top. We have no other moss so tree-like in aspect.

C. H. C.

## THE LITTLE UNITY.

40 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

One copy, per year, - - - - - 50 cts.  
To subscribers for UNITY, or twelve to one address, each, - 35 cts.  
To Clubs or Sunday Schools, single or in quantity - - - 25 cts.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Editor.

Departments: Associate Editors:  
WHAT TO SEE. - Miss Cora H. Clarke, Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass.  
WHAT TO DO. - Mrs. K. G. Wells, 155 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Communications for the Editor to be sent to Hyde Park, Ill.; for the Departments, as above.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as second-class matter.

What do you do with your back numbers of LITTLE UNITY? If you do not send them away to children at a distance, nor give them to those nearer home, make a book of them to keep for reference. You will often find, in your rambles, some one of the many things Miss Clarke has described for you, and you will want to look it up.

A little black girl was asked by a white boy if she thought God heard her prayers just as much as if she were white. After collecting herself from her surprise and confusion, she said, slowly: “I pray into God’s ear, and not his eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl’s; and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin.” Our little friends who are often troubled with bashful confusion will find it a great relief to remember, too, that if they “say what” from their hearts they think they “ought,” neither will people who are true “stop to look” at their outside appearance, but will take their meaning right to their hearts also, and answer accordingly.

Reverence for old people is very beautiful to see, but there is much discussion now-a-days as to how children should be taught with relation to deference for the aged. Its originally strict observance, doubtless, sprung from the sense of honor due to the wisdom, knowledge and ripe experience which were supposed to be embodied in the person who was old. Deference to these is readily accorded by any averagely well-born or well-bred child, whether found in a younger or older person, without direct teaching. But what *does* need to be taught by constant touches, here and there, every day, is that kindly respect for the needs and conditions of those around us,—that mutual helpfulness and tolerance for individuality in others, while maintaining our own, which insures the truest family life. This, in itself, covers the question of the treatment of the aged.

If any of you have ever seen a man’s face that has the expression of a fox in it, or another which looks like a monkey’s, you will be specially interested to read the following, which is taken, disconnectedly, from a book called *Origin of Primitive Superstitions*:

“Many tribes of people have been worshippers of animals, and this can usually be traced to a belief in a natural descent from the animal which stands as a progenitor of the tribe, and is therefore held in great veneration as an ancestor. Certain families claimed descent from certain animals, such as the bear, crane or turtle. A great many ethnologists have supposed those names were given to designate a quality or characteristic of the individual; a very slow



man would be called a turtle; a man with very long legs, a crane, etc. Among primitive peoples all animals are supposed to be endowed with souls. Upon animals they depend for their earthly blessings, and look at them with worship. Dreams are their revelations to man. Disease is produced by their angry spirits, which are everywhere present and ready to avenge an act of impiety to their kind. Hence, all the tribes worshiped the commonest animals. They supposed that all animals of land, air, and water were endowed with immortal spirits, and could punish those who maltreated them. When they worshiped any of these they imagined that they would obtain the aid of their spirits."

#### CHILDREN'S CLUB ITEMS.

A letter from one of our club correspondents, at Geneseo, Ill., of the company called "Busy Workers," having traveled away to the Dead Letter office and round to its writer again, reached us last month. Old news is sometimes just as good if it is old; and so we were glad to hear of the success of the children's fair, held in the home parlors of one of the ladies interested, and from which the sum of thirty-five dollars was realized. These workers, perhaps you will remember, send the result of their labors to the Foundling's Home of Chicago. We also learn that the "Little Neighbors," of Downer's Grove, have remembered them lately with clothing and provisions, and Unity Church, of this city, with a substantial contribution of money. These and all other helps have been sorely needed in the last month or six weeks of their severe trouble. This, it is hoped, is now over, nearly all the sick ones being well and the danger past.

The body of an insect is divided into three very distinct parts, viz., the head, the chest, and the abdomen. These are again divided, so that in the six-footed insects, such as the bee and the beetle, the entire body consists of seventeen or eighteen segments or rings, of which the head has four, united into one; the chest three, and the abdomen ten or eleven. The head has one pair of antennæ or feelers, a pair of jaws (mandibles), and a pair of secondary jaws (maxillæ) attached to the four rings. And further, we must remember that the head has the organs of sensation; the chest, of locomotion; and the abdomen, of digestion, as well as others of which we may have to speak in due time. And beyond the divisions now described, the true insect, in its perfect state, with few exceptions, has only six legs and one or two pairs of wings; and it breathes through external openings in its body called "spiracles," of which we shall have more to say very soon. Now having told you what an insect is, let me tell you of something that you have probably been in the habit of calling an insect, but which is not an insect, and why it is not. A spider is not an insect, because it has no antennæ; no division between the head and chest; does not breathe through spiracles, but by leaf-shaped gills, situated under the body, and has eight legs instead of six. So you see a spider is not an insect.—*Dayspring*.

Every duty well done adds to the moral and spiritual stature. Each opportunity grasped and used is the key to larger privileges.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears,  
In weeds that mar the land,  
Or healthful store.

#### WHAT DO THE CHILDREN READ?

Tell me, oh doting parents,  
Counting your household joys,  
Rich in your sweet home-treasures,  
Blest in your girls and boys;  
After the school is over,  
Each little student freed,  
After the fun and frolic,  
What do the children read?

Dear little heads bent over  
Scanning the printed page;  
Lost in the glowing picture,  
Sowing the seeds for age.  
What is the story, mother?  
What is the witching theme?  
Set like a feast before them,  
Bright as a golden dream.

Letters, though small and simple,  
Words, though as feathers light,  
Make on the snowy background  
Positive black and white.  
Yet more enduring, father—  
Fruit from the smallest seed—  
Will be the pure or baneful  
Thoughts the child may read.

Look at the towns and cities  
Scattered throughout the land;  
Hidden in nook and corner,  
Gathers the reading band.  
Millions of growing children  
Drink from the magic spring;  
Look to it that your darlings  
Drink of no deadly thing.

Make them your sweet companions,  
Lead them along the way,  
Safe through the paths of romance,  
Needful in their young day;  
So that the tone be healthy,  
Truthful in word and deed,  
Then you with joy may ever  
Know what the children read.

—*Scattered Seeds*.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Books for children abound nowadays, but I question if children are as well off as when their libraries were scantier. The opportunity for choice is so large that parents are commonly too bewildered to make selection, and end by taking the book the bookseller recommends, or which recommends itself by having the greatest number of pictures. Of illustrated books there are now a hundred where there used to be one. Illustration is in itself a good thing when the work is as well done as we find it to-day; but, except for the smallest juveniles, it ought not to be made of more importance than the text. Comparatively few fathers and mothers interest themselves seriously to provide the best possible mental food for the growing intelligences in their charge.—*Atlantic*.

"There is no office in the Sunday School which is merely an office. The librarian who can suggest to a scholar the best book for him, who feels the spiritual pulse of the school by the books that are read, is the true librarian."—*Wellspring*.

The man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.—*Saville*.



## "Unity" Sunday School Lessons—Series XII.

## HEROES AND HEROISM.

BY MRS. ELIZA R. SUNDERLAND.

*(Most of the references in these lessons will be to Samuel Smiles' "Duty," a copy of which each teacher will need.)*

## LESSON VII.

## HEROES OF SELF-HELP.

## I. PRELIMINARY.

Did you ever see large girls and boys, and even strong men and women, who were helpless people?

I have seen a boy who could never find his hat and books for himself when school-time came; could never put away and take care of his best clothes, and tools, and balls, and fishing tackle, or sew on a button when one came off, or see that his boots were blacked and hair combed properly. Somebody must do and see to all these things for him. Did you ever know such a boy? And I have known large girls who could not keep their own clothes or rooms in order, or mend a tear in a dress, or even practice a music lesson, or solve a difficult example in arithmetic, without so many "I can't's" that one would rather do the work than hear the "can't's." Have you ever known such a girl? I have seen grown-up women who couldn't drive a nail for themselves, or (however small their income) keep house for ever so small a family without a "hired girl;" women who must have their dressmaking done, and their plain sewing done, and their packages (large and small) sent home for them; must have a hack to carry themselves and a hand satchel to and from the depot, when bright sunshine and a bracing air were tempting them to a health-giving walk; and must even have the railroad guide consulted for them on their journey. Did you ever see such helpless women? Did you admire them? I have seen grown-up men, too, who were quite as helpless in a different way; young men whose wardrobes must be seen to by mother or sister, and satchels packed and they got off in time for a railroad journey; whose fathers must send them to college, if they go, and pay their bills, and plan for and set them up in business. Well, none of these people are heroes of self-help, but just the opposite.

## II. ABRAHAM LINCOLN A FAMOUS SELF-HELP HERO.

Who can tell me something about Abraham Lincoln which will show how he helped himself out of a log cabin, and from being a rail-splitter and flatboatman up to being President of the United States? Ask your teacher to help you tell the story of Lincoln's life. Do you remember how, after his father died, he, as the oldest boy, had to carry on the little farm? and how, one year, having raised some produce that must be carried down the river for a market, and having no money to hire it taken, he built a flatboat and took it himself? Who remembers how he walked eight miles to borrow the only grammar he could hear of, and then studied it by firelight, of nights, after his day's work was done? Did you never know boys who complained of having to learn a grammar lesson even after a grammar had been bought for them and a good school and teacher furnished them?

Abraham Lincoln was a very able public speaker. Do you remember how he used to walk seven or eight miles to attend a debating club, that he might learn to speak? Do you know any boys who would do that? Who will tell us how he used to get the money to buy good books and newspapers? Do you admire Mr. Lincoln any less because he thus worked hard and wore shabby clothes that he might gain knowledge? Do you know whether the people who saw him at work in the ragged clothes thought less of him for it? When Mr. Lincoln was twenty-six years old he was elected to the Legislature. Who can tell me how he made the journey to the State capital, where the Legislature met, and home again? Do you not think those long walks of 100 miles each, to save the little money he had for better uses, made Lincoln more of a man? Who will tell me how Mr. Lincoln got law books when he decided to study law? and how he got money to live upon while he was studying? What kind of a lawyer did he make, I wonder? and what kind of a legislator? and what kind of a President? Some foolish people, especially some girls and boys, think it a disgrace to work, to help one's self, or to wear poor clothes. What do you think about it as you study this life of Abraham Lincoln?

## III. OTHER HEROES OF SELF-HELP.

1. *President Garfield.* Who can tell the story of James Garfield's early home in a log cabin, and how himself and brother built their mother a better house? Who will tell of his life on a canal boat? And who will tell of the various ways in which he earned and saved money to take him to school and through college? What finally became of this boy who drove a canal boat, and sawed wood, and did without an overcoat, and did his own cooking, and taught writing and swept floors to make and save money to get an education? Do you not think he made a better college Professor, and General in the army, and Congressman, and President of the United States because, as a boy and young man, he proved himself a hero of self-help?

2. *Benjamin Franklin.* Who can tell something of Franklin's boyhood and early life?

3. Can any of you tell me how *Bayard Taylor* made his first journey through Europe? I wonder if some of you might not some time go over Europe, or at least travel over your own country on foot in the same way?

4. Hugh Miller, the celebrated geologist, was a hero of self-help. Who can tell how he became a geologist?

5. And Theodore Parker and Robert Collyer, too, were self-help heroes. Indeed, I find so many of the great men of the world have been heroes of self-help that I am beginning to wonder whether self-helpfulness is not the key to all real success in life. What do you think? Since we all want to make successful men and women, won't you each think of and name some way in which you can begin this week to practice self-helpfulness, and next Sunday you may tell how you have succeeded.

## LESSON VIII.

## HEROES OF PERSEVERANCE.

## I. A TALK ABOUT PERSEVERANCE.

Meaning of perseverance? Did you ever watch a tree grow? How much did it grow in a day? in a year? How many years would it need to keep growing to get from a seed to a full grown tree? If it grew ever so little each year, but kept steadily at it long enough, would an acorn finally get to be a splendid oak? Is it any advantage to a tree to grow slow and keep it at a long time, rather than grow fast and get through soon? What advantage? Which is the stronger, and which will last the longer—the oak tree which takes a hundred years to grow, or the mushroom which grows up in a night? Which is of the most value? Is it generally true that things which take the longest time in growing or doing last the longest and are the most valuable? Give some examples.

Suppose the tree should grow very fast one day or year, and then stand still for the next two or three days or years, would that be just as well as to keep growing slowly and steadily every day? Why not?

But what has all this to do with perseverance? It is only *people* who can be heroes of perseverance! Perhaps so;—but I know of no better *model* of a hero of perseverance than a great tree which has grown great by just keeping steadily at work all through its life. And then isn't it true that the business of boys and girls and men and women is just the same as the business of trees, *viz.*: to do something which will make the world richer? And isn't it also true that all the most lasting and valuable work done by men and women, just like the growth of trees, is accomplished by steady, long-continued effort? Can you illustrate this by the way men learned to make ships and to print books, or to make a steam-engine and then put it into a steamboat and locomotive?

Is perseverance needed in the common every-day work of life? Give some examples of the need of it in home work; in school work. Does it require any effort for a boy or girl to persevere in the common every-day work of life? Would such common work furnish as good a chance to prove one's self a *hero of perseverance* as some great work?

## II. SOME EXAMPLES OF HEROES OF PERSEVERANCE.

1. We talked in our last lesson of some famous heroes of self-help. I wonder if they were not also heroes of perseverance? Will you tell anything you know about Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Garfield, or Benjamin Franklin, which will prove them heroes of perseverance? I wonder if anybody ever became great who was not a hero of perseverance? How is it with girls and boys in school?—is it the one who learns the most easily, or the one who keeps at study the most persistently who makes the best scholar?

2. *Columbus.* Columbus is another distinguished hero of perseverance; who can tell the story of his life? (Duty pp. 109-113.) What led him to think that the earth is round when other people thought it flat like a plate? How did he try to get the means of sailing in search of the lands which he thought must be on the other side? Name all the governments he applied to in their order. Can you tell the story of his going before the council of wise men at Salamanca, in Spain? What were some of the objections they made to his project? Did the Spanish clergy finally favor Columbus? What did he do next? Did the kings of France or England answer his letters? Columbus staid in Spain six years trying in every way to interest the king and nobles in his plan, but without effect. Whom did he finally induce to favor his cause and send him? Thus he succeeded at the end of eighteen long years of effort. Do you think this showed perseverance on his part?

Tell the story of his first voyage. Do you think it would require any perseverance to sail on an unknown sea, and with mutinous seamen, for *seventy days* before finding land? How long does it take to sail from Europe to America? Give an account of his other voyages. Can you mention any other great discoverer who was also a hero of perseverance? There are some wonderful heroes of this class among scientists; who can tell the story of any of these: Kepler, Bacon, Darwin, Humboldt, Agassiz, or others? When did these men begin to learn to be heroes of perseverance? When must you begin if you would be such a hero?